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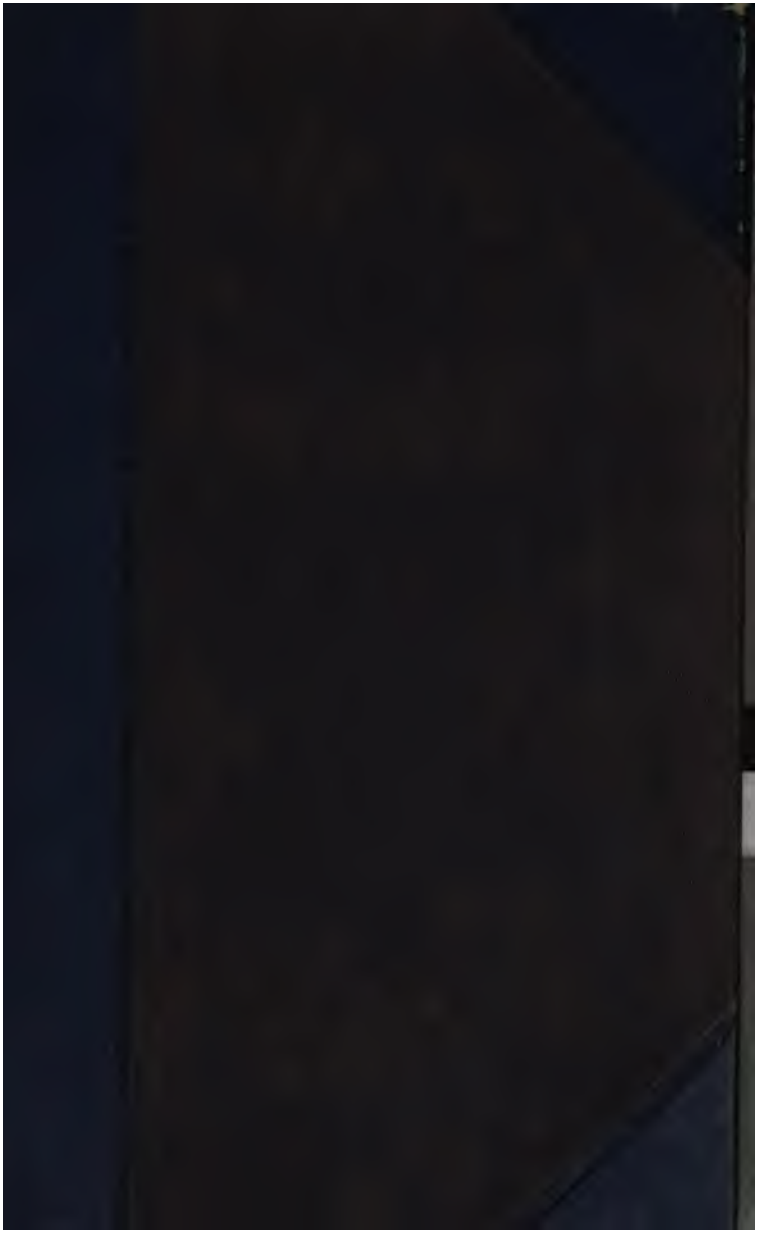
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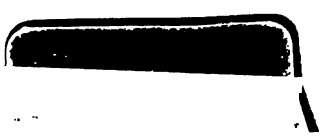
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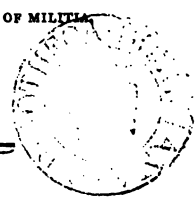
POEMS,

On various Subjects,

BY

A. SANDERSON,

DAUGHTER OF THE LATE ROBERT STEPHENSON, ESQ. CAPTAIN OF THE NORTHUMBERLAND REGIMENT OF MILITIA.



NORTH SHIELDS:

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POEMS, &c.

ON THE LATE

LAMENTABLE DEATH

OF HER

ROYAL HIGHNESS,

THE

Princess Charlotte

OF WALES.

Are all our flatt'ring dreams of bliss then o'er,
And must we view thy charming face no more?
Ah, no! the fatal mandate now is given,
Nor dare we murmur at the will of heaven.

Thy virtuous soul hath taken early flight
To realms of bliss beyond all mortal sight:
Nor mourn our loss,—since all by fate are led
To pass the gloomy valley of the dead;
Yet all our fortitude cannot forbear
To vent our sighs,—to shed a pitying tear,
And keep thee in our mem'ry ever dear!

But though thy corse in humble dust may lie,
Yet thy immortal part can never die.
When we are summon'd from this vale of tears,
Whether in early youth, or riper years,
All we can wish for is in peace to die;
This once obtain'd, no matter where we lie;
Whether the marble monument proclaim
The vaunts of honours which no more remain,
Or the green turf conceal in glorious ease,
'Tis all the same, if we but die in peace.

Blest Princess! now by death supremely blest,
Who kindly snatch'd thee to eternal rest,
Ere vice with all its soft alluring art
Infused a secret poison to thy heart,
Ere youth fell victim to each worldly snare,
Or age oppress'd thee with its pain and care.
Now safely thou hast past the sea of strife,
And all the troubles of this mortal life,
The weeping Cherubs hov'ring on their wings
Mourn o'er her tomb, whilst each a requiem sings;
And we, in mem'ry,—by our tears now shew,
The deep'ning sorrows of our heart-felt woe:
Peace rest around her corse, in silence laid,—
Peace 'balm the mem'ry of the virtuous dead.

VICISSITUDES.

Fate frowns and smiles alternately on all,
Sports with the just and causes them to fall;
Or high exalts us with peculiar care,
Or blights our hope, and fills us with despair:
Thus kind and cruel, to the king and slave;
Till out of reach, we gain the peaceful grave.
There end misfortunes, there afflictions cease,
Until the day that dooms us joy or peace.
Why should we shrink from nature's sure decay?
Since smiling mercy will our powers repay;
And shall, in Majesty of Heav'n, behold
Our God rewarding, double, treble fold.

THE FRIENDS.

The day was fine, the sky was clear,
The birds in concert sung,
A fragrance sweet breath'd through the air,
The groves in music sung.

'Twas May,—the flowers by Sol bright drawn
Their richest tints display'd,
When Mary sought the embroider'd lawn,—
In solitude she stray'd.

'Twas noon,—'twas night,—e'er Mary knew
The sun in west declines,
(And clouds together closely drew)
His light but feebly shines.

With cautious steps she now retires,
Though cautious, yet not slow;
When see! the lightning's vivid fires
In zigzag flashes flow.

She flies!—fear wing'd her nimble feet,
She flies!—but all in vain;
Her heart with sad commotion beat,
As she fled o'er the plain.

The clouds their drenching torrents pour'd,
The lightning dreadful flew,
In peals aloud the thunder roar'd,
And still her paths pursue.

No eye to guide her steps aright!
Support, no friendly arm;
No hand to aid her feeble flight,
Or shield her head from harm.

Strength fail'd, dread terror shook her frame;
She sinks beneath the load;
Struck down by lightning's blasting flame,
Far,—far from her abode.

Night came, but Mary not appear'd,
No Mary's presence there;
Her Hannah—worst of fates now fear'd,
Laments her absent fair.

The clock struck twelve—that solemn hour;
She could no more refrain;
But rush'd into the tempest's power
And sought her o'er the plain.

She sought the meads, she sought the plain,
She sought them o'er and o'er,
She sought alas!—but sought in vain,
For Mary was no more.

The lark, shrill messenger of morn,
Proclaim'd the approach of day;
But Hannah's breast with grief quite torn
Possest of hope no ray.

She rang'd the groves, she rang'd the meads
With grief and sad dispair;
She flies where'er faint hope but leads
To find her Mary there.

At length, with fear and grief quite spent,
Ah! luckless,—mournful day!
Her anxious weary steps she bent
Where lifeless Mary lay!

Beneath an oak's extended shade,
The tempest's dread to shun;
To shield her poor defenceless head,
Sweet Mary there had run.

No oak's thick shade, alas! could shield,
Though proof an hundred years;
Fierce lightning makes its branches yield,
Its trunk in pieces tears.

There Mary fair deserted lay,—
Her ruby lips were pale,
Her beautious form was cold as clay,
No aid could now prevail.

Poor Hannah saw!—she ran, she fell!
And is my Mary dead?
Her Heart with rising grief did swell;
She droop'd her joyless head.

I come,—she cry'd,—but at trance fall'd!
Sad grief her heart-string's tore;
Affection's power, too strong prevail'd,—
She near a word spake more!

INFANCY.

Sweet state of childhood, to all care unknown,
Mild as the morn, that not one breeze can own,
Uninterrupted, but by little throats
Of feather'd songsters' wildly warbled notes.
Ah, happy state! where joys from virtue flow,—
Continual pleasure, pure, unmix'd with woe;
Guilt is the source from whence all mis'ry springs,
Innocence only, perm'nent pleasure brings;
It to its owner gives such lasting joy,
That vice may tempt,—but never can destroy.

TO THE ALMIGHTY GOD.

VICTORY's Thine,—in vain this world hath strove
To weaken, or destroy, my grateful love,
Long and severe the conflict in my heart,
To give Thee up, or with the world to part;
But Thy great mercy and superior pow'r,
Made my affections to my God secure,
That I might in thy heavenly kingdom rise,
And sit with Thee, enthron'd above the skies;
My soul now covets to be free from dust,
My soul that owns, that thou alone art just,
She pants impatient the last debt to pay,
And wing her passage to perpetual day;

Am I then ready? let me serious ask;
Have I performed thy great, thy glorious task?
Have I at no time murmur'd at my lot?
Or, hath Thy goodness never been forgot?
Too sure,—or why now yield to Thee my breath,
And anxious wish for the cold hand of death,
Did I not think myself by ills oppress,
Ills—there are none; but what must make me blest.
Can ills from Thee,—divine Creator! flow?
Who trusts in thee, shall ne'er affliction know;
Though in each day, I have committed sin,
I still can taste of calm content within;
My love, my faith, my hopes are all so great,
I fear not death, nor all the frowns of fate,
When all Thy mighty force, and powers conspire
To crush this poor terrestrial world with fire;
When man astonish'd, frighted, and aghast,
Starts from the grave, and views this scene, the last;

When the tombs ope', and all the dead awake,
And from their senses, their long slumbers shake,
When unprotected left to plead alone,
And ev'ry enemy stands before thy throne;
I'll boldly venture, sentence for to hear,
For what have I from mercy now to fear?
Though in dread Majesty enthron'd above,
I'll rise with haste, and meet the God I love.

When first fair reason, dawn'd upon my mind,
When first I knew Thee, with all goodness join'd,
Beheld that all things, life from Thee did draw,
I thought with wonder, and I bow'd with awe;
I learn'd from Thy command the flow'rs did bloom;
Receiv'd from Thee, their pow'rful, sweet perfume:
Mysterious God! I cry'd, all these to plant,
Thou hast not left to man, one wish, one want.
For him the sun beams, and the rivers flow,
The foilage thickens, and the flow'rets blow;

The summer's heat, and winter's cold return
Shall man, ungrateful man! these blessings spu
Ask his Creator, why he gives no more,
Yet, by what's given, set such little store;
If man's unhappy,—mis'ry he must chuse,
And ev'ry gift of bounteous heav'n misuse.
Urg'd on by passions which he should cont
Looks up ungrateful, on the glorious whole.
Unvari'd Goodness! how is man belov'd!
Not one, but all, have Thy affection prov'd.
By me, oh! let Thy justice be confest,
Unrivall'd reign, sole monarch of my breast.
By Thee supported, let me e'er revere;—
Above thy works, how infinitely dear!
Haste then my Father, haste my God to pro
How very much, how ardently I love.

ON THE LOVE OF LIFE.

Say life, what art thou? life, so priz'd by all,
Thou fascinator say, where dwells thy charm?
That loss, nor sorrow, nor death's awful call,
Can of the love of life, the heart disarm.

The shiv'ring wretch, uncloth'd, unhous'd, unfed,
For life, in deep misfortunes, still will sigh;
Loaded with guilt upon a wretched bed,
Still loud confess he is averse to die.

The virtuous soul alone, can smile on death,
Bear the last struggles of this mortal frame;
Wait patiently for the last parting breath,
That gains him heav'n, and quits a joyless name.

It is religion, that can make us brave,
Make faint the names of father, husband, friend
Teach us to look contented on the grave,—
The road to pleasure, and of woes the end.

'Tis not the pleasures of this mortal state,
That thus delude and fascinate the soul;
'Tis sin—'tis guilt,— and all that they create
That hold o'er human reason this control.

TO MISS S——.

(Wrote at the Age of Sixteen.)

All health dear girl, and many a happy hour,
On thee may heav'n its choicest favours show'r,
May conscious innocence secure the rest,
And grief ne'er find an entrance to thy breast;
Grief is a stranger in this modern age,
Whose many charms may thy young heart engage;
Behold! what numbers folly drives along,
The gay, the giddy, mix'd with old and young,
This canst thou see, and ev'ry wish suppress,
And find the pleasure more to cheer distress.
Forbear to tell me, absence can efface,
Or Helen fills neglected Anna's place;
To rightly chuse if friendship's thy desire,
Doth judgment clear, and much good sense require:

O say, is her heart gen'rous whom you chus
If not, the object may your trust abuse.
I had a friend, she many charms might bo
And next to thee, I lov'd Eliza most;
When first we met, I ev'ry look observ'd,
And found her modest, distant, and reserv'
But when more known, her sense secur'd my he
A noble soul,—disdaining vice or art;
So great a loss, I ever must deplore,
Alas! we parted,—here to meet no more:
God saw her worth, and a reward to give
Snatch'd her pure soul,—in glory bid it liv
Time hath not heal'd the wound,—it bleeds a
Whilst I rehearse her virtues unto you:
Behold! of the most sanguine wish the end,
How short I kept,—how soon I lost, a frien
Some few there are, that may a friendship cl
But few indeed, deserve that noble name;

Lo! here and there, I find some to respect,
But choosing one, I hundreds do reject.
The sweet reflections of a life well spent,
Will always make thee, with thy lot content.
Faulty I am,—yet boldly I aspire,—
Thy love I claim,—thy friendship I desire.
When death shall summon hence our parent dear,
Who then remains, to dry the falling tear,
But thee, who heaven, out of its mercy gave
To calm my grief, and tear me from the grave:
Birth, fortune, int'rest, all so well agree,
Who injures thee, can be no friend to me.
Of infancy we days together past,
Ah! happy days,—too happy long to last:
'Twas then, that life shone forth in all its charms,
When ev'ry night you held me in your arms;
Day gave again to practice some new scheme,—
Steal out to play, or tell th' imperfect dream:

Firm friends in youth, now stronger be each tie,
And grant great God, together we may die;
In Him we'll trust, His promises believe,
For all, but Him, are subject to deceive;
In few confide, lest they too soon betray,
And with ingratitude thy love repay.
The secret spring you gen'rally will find,
Is int'rest,—tyrant of the human mind,
There's few, but what this horrid vice possess,
Some shew it more, and others shew it less:
But by the ties of friendship and of blood,
I do entreat thee, to be truly good;
In time correct the errors of thy youth,
Express thy thoughts with candour and with truth;
Be good to all, let none excepted be,
And God will act with justice unto thee;
Cheat not thyself, for there the crime's as great,
As if unjustly thou the world did cheat.

In vain to thee, let not the wretched plead,
The tale of woe's sufficient to succeed;
And from all insult carefully refrain,
Enough's their hunger, misery, and pain:
If heav'n on you superfluous wealth bestow,
Never let want a fellow-creature know,
Nor e'er to meaness deign to condescend
T' oblige thyself, thy enemy, or friend:
Take care you never ostentatious seem,
But truly gen'rous not in the extreme;
No,—let it free, and unconstrain'd appear
From pride, and still from affectation clear;
Search out the people that dislike thee most,
Gain, or regain, their good esteem if lost;
Be mild in temper,—never be severe,
Strike insolence with awe, but none with fear;
All trifling faults with cheerfulness forgive,
Anger's a vice,—too short it cannot live:

Yet there's a crime, the very name detest,—
Ingratitude! it *virtue* makes the rest,
Nought wounds so deep, the cure is always slow
To feeling minds, a never ending woe.
Your words, looks, actions let them be sincere,
The sigh be nature's,—nature's be the tear;
Your duty to your parent well discharge;
For there the debt of gratitude is large:
Yes, love thy father, but thy God adore,
'Tis he who gives, who takes, and can restore;
How great his mercy, all his ways how just,
Thou wilt do well, in him but firmly trust;
Religion only, makes us great esteem'd,
Points to that death, which hath thy soul redeem'd

A SIMPLE TALE.

BENEATH the shelter of a wood,
In solitude obscure,
A neat but humble cottage stood,
From vice and art secure.

To guard herself from human woes,
Eliza there retir'd,
And found that lasting calm repose,
By very few acquir'd.

With the untutor'd clown she'd talk,
And hear the rural jest;
Amidst the fleecy flock she'd walk,
Until the hour of rest.

This place her guardians disapprov'd;
Thought rural manners rude;
Tore her from all on earth she lov'd,—
Her fav'rite solitude.

As o'er the hills her steps she bent,
With each sweet scene in view;
She cry'd, "Oh! cottage of content,
"Receive my last adieu!

"No more again shall I behold,
"Yon hamlet's smoke ascend,
"Nor see the herd freed from the fold,
"In past'rage rich to fend.

"Nor see within thy walls approach,
"With gratitude each day,
"Nor with content see night encroach,
"Nor gen'al sun decay.

"The gilded tale of erring man,
"Will fail to please my ear,
"And the ambitious guilty plan,
"Will fill my heart with fear.

"To guard 'gainst subtle woman's art,
"And censure's blasting tongue,
"Will raise suspicion in a heart,
"That never thought of wrong.

"My artless heart will cause the vile,
"To tempt me for to stray;
"My confidants will me beguile,
"And all my words betray.

"Ill-nature's dart will oft be shot,
"To stab my spotless name;—
"Then shall I sigh for thee, dear cot,
"Where I ne'er blush'd from shame."

I saw with pain the pulse of life retreat,
Listen'd with sorrow to each struggling sigh;
I felt his heart that feebly, faintly beat;—
With resignation saw him calmly die!

Fathers, and Mothers, and their children smil'd;
Releas'd from anguish on a sick bed's gloom,
Whilst he the wants of wretchedness beguil'd,—
Himself became a victim to the tomb.

Ah! mournful sight, cold, pale, I saw him laid,
Low in the earth beneath the humble sod,
Beheld his body to the dust convey'd;
But his pure soul rejoic'd in bliss with God!

Ye grateful poor, and ye in higher sphere,
(To all he e'er administer'd relief,)
Give to his mem'ry a lamenting tear,
And join sincerely in the gen'ral grief.

ON READING THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER.

Did Alexander, noble, gen'rous brave,
Only receive at last the silent grave?
If thus oblig'd to quit his pomp and state,
And tamely yield himself a slave to fate:
What did it 'vail, if the whole world he won?
To be himself by fate at last, outdone!
What, though tradition and proud tomb proclaim
His deeds, and from oblivion save his name;
The rustic laid beneath the green turf must
Now equal him:—both moulder'd into dust!

REFLECTIONS.

'Twas giv'n to Sympathy the heart to ch
Yes, sorrows weaken when her aid is near:
Too true my friend, my valu'd friend's no n
His schemes, his projects, hopes, are laid a
Ah! what avails then all our pomp and pri
When life's so quickly clos'd, so quickly

In death we take our last adieu,
Yet nature wears no sadder hue,
Delightful still the scene;
The flowers bloom, and rivers flow,
And men,—nay, scarce relations know
A friend hath ever been.

And do they leave no mark behind,
No small memorial to remind
The living of decay?
Ah! no, they will not think, or hear,
Nor on the dead bestow a tear,
Lost in the blaze of day.

Like insects in the warmth they fly,
And dream not they shall ever die,
Nor heed their growing old;
From place to place they eager rove,
Scorning the social ties of love,
Till in death's page enroll'd.

'Tis then, they for relations mourn;—
Past scenes to fancy will return,
Before life yet is fled;
In glowing recollections now,—
Ah, joys of other days adieu!
These joys their life once fed,

That dreary hour with past compare,
Of pain, impatience, pining care,—
  Life's retrospect of past:
May I then fearless view the gloom,
Contemplate unconcern'd the tomb,
  Where I must rest at last.

Content be ours,—whilst in this seat,—
Departed friends again will meet,
  Where nought shall bliss destroy:
At HIS decree we should not mourn,—
To taste of death we all were born,
  E'er we can heaven enjoy.

ON THE ABSENCE OF FRIENDSHIP.

Has sacred friendship wing'd her distant flight,
To Asia or to Afric's burning shore,
No more to charm with blissful scenes our sight,
To sooth our griefs, to cheer our hearts no more?

Loves she to range by Gambia's rolling tide,
Or Nile's vast mazy, unindating flood,
Where nature's children still untaught abide,
In lonely hut, or deep sequester'd wood?

Does she forsake the splendid courts of kings,
The gay, the learn'd, the witty, and the wise;
Count all their learning, grandeur, worthless things,
And all th' acquirements of the great dispise?

TO MY SISTER,

On her return to Grove House Boarding School, Kensington.

WHEN friendship first dawn'd in my breast,
Instruction came sweet from thy tongue,
Imperfect my joy I exprest,
When a friend you accepted so young.

As we walk'd in the fields, or the grove,
You shew'd me the dangers of art,
And taught me to guard against love,
And place sweet content in my heart.

How pleas'd did I listen all day,
Thy precepts sunk deep in my mind;
I could not my sorrows allay,
When my sister look'd cross, or unkind

The lessons that friendship then taught,
  Shall e'er be adher'd to by me,
Each action, each word, and each thought,
  O were they not taught me by thee?

Your works still my room do adorn,
  I read in each favorite page,
Then alone I remain and forlorn,
  And nothing my thoughts can engage.

The bed where you lay is unmade,
  In disorder the room shall remain;
The balsams and roses too fade,
  O when will you see them again!

This day did I visit our walk,
  Saw the flow'rs you planted there last,
And mus'd on the subject of talk,
  When there the last moments we past.

Returning, I came o'er the green;
The rabbits are all gone astray;
The poultry are not to be seen,
Their mistress they know is away.

Ingratitude dwells all around,
'Tis plain to be seen in each face;
But nothing will ever be found,
That can thy lov'd image efface.

TO MR. T——, SOLICITOR.

Good heavens! what a wonderful world are we in,
What a compound of vanity, fancy and whim;
E'er foll'wing our passions they lead us astray,
For nature is prone still to take the wrong way;
Like foes laid in ambush they do us surprise,
When our reason's off guard, and rectitude dies;
When the reins are thrown up,—and passion's the guide,
The ruling one leads;—laid is honor, aside.
Should vinous potation the passions inspire,
The brain swims in visions, 'tis almost on fire;

Things meant as a blessing and good in their kind,
When perverted, what havock they make in the mind.

Then first, sir,—of female allurements beware,
Let no charms of that sex your senses insnare,
For trust me, that women since grandmother Eve,
Have try'd ev'ry blandishment, men to deceive;
A medley of passions do men oft betray
To each artful fair one, that falls in the way;
Whilst some virtuous nymph, unsulli'd and kind,
For ever is wreck'd in the peace of her mind,
Whose regard is sincere, and affections as pure,
As the dawn of the morn: Oh let her endure
No pain, nor neglect;— be it ever your care,
To protect, love, and cherish, the virtuous fair.

And let not the juice of the grape e'er inflame
Your senses,—or give you one moment of shame;

If wine is the favorite passion pursu'd,
Then reason, and fortune, and credit's subdued;
And rational beings they ne'er can be call'd,
Whose senses are by 'toxication inthral'd,
Decorum and decency's then thrown aside,
And levity, nonsence, and folly preside.
Beware of the mischiefs which rev'llings attend;—
But should you be blest with a sensible friend;
The fair that I pictur'd before to your sight,
Who center'd in you her whole source of delight,
By strict application, assisted by heav'n,
Had tam'd ev'ry foible, that nature had giv'n;—
If a mortal like this should e'er be thy lot,
Ah! let her not find thee a rake, or a sot.

THE PARENT OF SORROW.

At dawn of day the spoiler came,
And hence my child convey'd;
Unpitying, blasted her pure name,
And virtue's self betray'd.

She, forc'd from my too feeble grasp,
Regardless of my fears;
Then I my aged hands did clasp,
And spoke my grief in tears.

My only hope, my Rosa, smil'd
To lull those fears to rest;
But the content of my lost child,
My aged heart opprest.

She fled,—my child, my Rosa went;—
And art thou lost I cry'd?
In life's decline must I lament?
E'er this, would I had died!

Then ten long years in pomp and wealth,
She shar'd his board and bed,
Still blest with beauty, blest with health,—
But lo! the vision fled!

For Henry to the wars was call'd;—
My Rosa must depart;—
Abandon'd, slighted, and appall'd,—
Too late she new his art.

Ah cruel, wicked, base deceiver!
That could innocence betray,
But who, ah who! should now relieve her,
What can wash her crimes away?

Say, where can she, an outcast, hide,—
To desert where retire?
Or (left to range the world so wide)
With guilt and shame expire!

Her path was now bestrew'd with thorn,
New pangs assail'd her breast,
Two boys from her fond bosom torn,
Depriv'd her soul of rest.

Then 'twas reflections pour'd apace
On her most wretched mind;
Could she her weighty crime efface,
And my forgiveness find.

This to obtain e'er we should part,—
She sought my humble shed;
Where I with deeply wounded heart,
Lay musing on my bed.

Ten rolling years her fate I'd mourn'd,
And wept each night away;
With transport saw my child return'd
To witness my decay!

Her griev'ous tale my pity mov'd;—
I'll try to make her bless'd;—
My Rosa, who I ever lov'd,
I to my bosom press'd!

Two years I watch'd her ev'ry look,
And comfort strove to give,
But ah! the rose her cheek forsook,
She had not long to live!

She said, then heav'd a gentle sigh,—
"This grief my frame destroys;
Resign'd,—content am I to die,
Could I behold my boys!"

To see them she was fully bent;
Could I the wish oppose?
Next morn the dawn its lustre lent,
Next morn she cheerful rose.

The night came on, the road unknown,
She wander'd too and fro,
When lo! the fatal dart was thrown,
Which laid my Rosa low!

All the long night I did bewail;—
Affliction's cup ran o'er,
Too soon I heard the horrid tale,—
I saw my child no more!

Remembrance stung his guilty soul,
The fell Seducer griev'd;
Repentance' tear did copious roll,
Till Death his woes reliev'd.

TO MRS. H———.

With thee the passions all their bounds exceed;
Perverse of purpose; was it so decreed?
Reason not half, but quite extinct I find,
And anger storms at large within thy mind;
Envy thy blood hath tainted, and fell rage
Will never let thee live to boast of age:
Ambitious, haughty;—bearing no controle,
To thee life's nought but bitterness of soul.
Full of frail fancies, fearful thou, and weak,
Flaming revenge is all thy tongue can speak;
Thou, when alone, hast thoughtful weeping hours,
Yet deep reflection more thy temper sours;

Disgust and malice, dark and winding wiles,
Deceit and villany are in thy smiles:
For ever speaking of revenge and spite,
Wrong ev'ry mortal, thou alone art right.
Convulsive wrath, and thoughtless fury thine,
To every evil deed thou dost incline.
E'en nature's self in thee hath chang'd her course,
And summing all that's bad,—hath made thee worse.

THE RURAL OFFER.

But a cottage my fairest I offer to thee,
From discord, from envy, and poverty free;
My fields are but few, but with harvest they shine,
And my pastures with sheep and their lambkins, are thine.

No luxury indeed, you'll find for your food,
Your fare will be simple, but perfectly good;
My barns tho' not many, ever full you shall see,
And wait, dearest Flora, acceptance from thee.

My kine, tho' not numerous, give plenty of milk,
And the fleece from the flock must serve thee for silk;
Thy dress without ornament, simple and clean,
Tho' no satins or laces,—shall never be mean;

No flowers of great price in my garden you'll see,
Yet the rose and sweetbriar shall flourish for thee.
No steward thy household will superintend,
Two plain, neat domestics their services lend;
No carriage and pair will e'er prance to thy gate,
A horse that is docile thy pleasure shall wait;
No routs, no nor balls, in my Cot you shall see,
But a few chosen friends recommended by me.
Instead of Hyde Park, or the gardens of Kew,
In the woods and the groves I will wander with you,
Where no speeches you'll hear made up with deceit,
But the softest of tales with affection replete:
Believe that I love to so great a degree,
That Flora without thee, I wretched must be.
At 'musements, 'tis true, you will spend no late hours;
Soon to rest, soon to rise, enlivens our powers.

If misery's tale with impatience you hear,
You lessen affections to me ever dear;
The heart that is callous and cold to distress,
And yields not its bounty where woes and wants press,
Can ne'er feel the force of love's gentlest address.
Thus then, my dear Flora, I point out the plan,
You may spend with a fond and affectionate man,
'Tis true that your thoughts must not stray from my cot,
And each beaux and belle be entirely forgot;
Every wish of thy heart must center in me,
And I in return will wish nothing but thee.

ON READING THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

Happy by humble birth remov'd
From crowns, and flatt'ring tongues;
Enough, if but by Him belov'd,
Who can redress all wrongs.

In life give me content and health,
Friendship, from interest clear;
I do not wish for dangerous wealth,
To stop lifes short career.

O may ambition never cheat
My weak erroneous mind,
And may I never live to treat
The tears of woe, unkind.

Let not one wish invade my breast,
But what I may obtain,
And may no envy stab my rest,
Nor anger give me pain.

Be my affections true to those,
Whose merit wins my heart,
And may I e'er from cruel foes,
In secret friendship part.

May guilt ne'er fill my soul with fears, —
Bad arts provoke a sigh;
With joy obey whene'er appears,
Heav'n's sure command to die.

ANSWER TO MR. SLOTTENBERG'S QUESTION ON THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER.

SINCE you, sir, now from friends, and England part,
Receive my answer truly from my heart:
Small is the comfort, that on war attends,
Where fame and honor make up loss of friends;
Thy name indeed may echo through the globe,
But memory will prove a painful probe.
For numbers wounded, and large heaps of slain,
Must to a feeling heart, give acute pain:
Glory may make thee furious in the fight,
And all the calls of noble mercy slight:
The aged parent, helpless orphan, wife,
For ever destined to the wants of life,

Doom'd thus to steep their bread in tears of woe,
By thy victorious, rash, and thoughtless blow.
A field of slaughter, nought but human gore;
And lifeless men, that thou canst not restore;
Vain glorious deed! by thee depriv'd of breath,
By thee abandon'd, plunder'd ere in death;
Cover'd with wounds, and thrown up pile o'er pile,
Must make thee own this way of life most vile.
Dip not thy hands in unoffending blood,—
Enjoy the actions of a life more good;
Make thou the widow and the orphan smile,
And all the wants of poverty beguile:
If thy ambition be for endless fame,
Let acts of virtue gild thy deathless name;
So shall the blessings of this life increase,
And thy last end be blest with heartfelt peace:
No croudswill rise when thou art call'd from hence
To call for justice, or for thy defence;

No guilty deeds shall urge thee to repent,
Or cause thee curse the hour that life was lent;
But angels wait to whom the power is given,
To introduce thee to the joys of heaven.

Take thought my friend and ere it is too late,
Abjure a life that must such guilt create:
No longer then of war resound the praise,
Let gentler themes thy wayward thoughts erase:
Resolve at once a soldier's life to shun,
And scorn in peaceful deeds to be outdone;
For should'st thou conquer all beneath the sky,
Thou must resign it,—thou thyself must die!

THE ROSES.

On one small stem two rose buds grew,
Well shelter'd from the wind,
Plac'd underneath a rose, that drew
More charms from being kind.

O'er them it gently bent its head,
With fond parental care,
And trembled at each foot that tread,
Near where those rose buds were.

An envious flower was doom'd by fate
To give a fatal blow,
For long the rose buds it did hate,
And try'd to prove their foe.

At last, its hatred for to prove,
It round the branch did twine,
And saw with joy the tender love
Of the large rose decline.

Now unpitying it did rest,
In indolence each day,
Until the buds too much opprest,
Droop'd, died, and broke away,

Of ev'ry one become the scorn,
They lay upon the ground,
The larger rose with anguish torn,
No longer comfort found.

Too late, the cruel flower it spurn'd,
That did their bliss destroy;
It ever its lost favourites mourn'd,
And bade adieu to joy.

It's colour fled, it pin'd at heart,
In vain it sought relief,
From the vile flow'r it could not part,
So sunk beneath its grief.

'Tis thus, oft bad, malicious tongues,
In secret, peace destroy;
They tax the innocent with wrongs
That wound domestic joy.

TO CAPTAIN THOMAS HOPPER
OF THE MARINES, DURHAM.

THY mother's soul hath wing'd its way to heav'n,
There may her faults and failings be forgiv'n;
From pain, from sickness she hath got release,
And with her kindred rests secure at peace.

A tender mother, and a loving wife,
Hath wander'd through the thorny path of life;
The self same road that you and I must tread,
To reach the mansions of the mould'ring dead.
On this occasion, therefore, grief's a crime,
For death's a debt we all must pay in time.

To praise her virtues I will not pretend,
I knew her not, although I call thee friend:
Permit me now thy sorrows for to share,
And let the soldier teach the son,—to bear.

SENSIBILITY.

My Jenny, who I, silly youth, long admired,
From the heat of the day to the shades had retir'd,
I flew from her cot to the neighbouring grove,
With a nosegay of earliest flowers for my love.

With care then my present I plac'd in her breast,
And envy still whisper'd that they were too blest;
With joy, and with rapture, she look'd at each
flow'r;—
But tore them to atoms, within the same hour.—

She found out a nest, my advice was in vain,
To place the poor birds in the hedge back again;—
My painful sensations she then quickly read,
Returned me the nest, but alas they were dead.

I found her next day at the side of the brook,
Now snatching the innocent fish from the hook;
Joy crimson'd her cheek and shone forth in her [eyes,
Whene'er on the bait she discover'd a prize.

She laugh'd and she rally'd because I was grave,—
Satirical,—ask'd, if the line I would have;
I reply'd,—'such exulting in this savage art,
Hath caught you much fish, but hath lost you [my heart.'

'Tis not on the charms of a beautiful face,
Nor harmonious shape my affections I place;
But an mind from cruelty, fickleness free,
That frailties, faults, can with lenity see.

From scorn and from insult the nymph must [remain,—
Delight to give pleasure, avoid to give pain;
A heart withgood nature and cheerfulness fraught,
With such, and such only, shall mine e'er be caught.

A WISH.

Give me in peace to breath my native air
Where I at once can wood and water see,
Surrounding land, to own the farmer's care;
Indifferent I who owns it, he, or me.

A little box—I care not if my own,—
Most simply neat, and elegantly clean;
No crouds to make me to myself unknown,
But a true friend to keep me from the spleen.

To early rise, with morning air refresh'd,
To tune my soul by music,—art divine;
And then not gaudy, but with neatness dress'd,
At two, on plain and wholesome food to dine.

I wish much leisure, to improve my mind,
And tho' the bustle of the world would cease,
In the best Authors I'd amusement find,
And live in all the luxury of peace.

Content,— in illness,—patient and resign'd,
My only doctors, exercise and air;
For sickness sure, is for our good design'd,—
Continued proof of Heaven's eternal care.

Oh! Thou supreme, Almighty, Lord of all,
Grant me with these,—a mind from sin quite clear;
And, that I may by no temptations fall,—
Add to the whole—but fifty pounds a year.

WROTE, MUSING ON THE WALLS OF BERWICK,

TO MRS. HUDSON.

My every thought here, fondly turns to thee,
And bears thee company on the boisterous sea;
With anxious speed, I these old walls ascend,
In hopes to see, my dear and absent friend;
From side to side, I cast each aching eye,
But all in vain,—no vessel I can spy;
Alas! ere this, she's fled before the wind,
And Mary Ann hath left her friend behind;
Too cruel wind! to keep me on the shore,
With hopes and fears, thy absence to deplore;
Ah Mary Ann! how dear unto my heart,
How much I feel, that we are far apart.

Now I with terror, view each swelling wave
How soon, my friend, might they become
[gra
Thy beauteous infant, playful, dreads no ha
Stranger to fear, no dangers her alarm,
With sweet impatience, she pursues the flies
When out of reach, she careless leaves the pl
Next nature's carpet, deck'd with various flow
Employs her mind; and thus pass Patty's hou
Thoughtless her only hope is on the main,
Who, her and I, may never meet again.

When I still saw thee on the distant pier,
Thy form belov'd my drooping heart did che
But when hid from me, by the Betsy's speed
My bursting heart at every vein did bleed;
Lost then in thought, I gazed upon the deep
Nor ever thought of sweet oblivious sleep:

Night stealing on with her somnif'rous dews,
Dimm'd the lost scene, and closed the dusky
[views.—
Morn came at length with all her ruddy dies,
And cheerful light beam'd o'er the arched skies.—
Here fancy gazes on this far fam'd town,
For Battles lost and won, of great renown;
The fate of kingdoms often here was seal'd;
But now, thank Heaven, those wars and feuds
[are heal'd.

TO MRS. HUDSON,
ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.

GONE is thy husband, and thy sincere friend;
We all must sink beneath affliction's rod;
The pris'ner's free, and at his journey's end,
Thy all is now, thy children and thy God.

For them dear Mary, rouse thy drooping soul,
For little infants,—strangers to thy woe;
The pleasing lux'ry of thy grief control,
A mother's fond parental love to shew.

The tender tie, the sacred vow is broke;
Permit her, therefore, who still holds thee dear,
To mitigate thy late, too fatal stroke,
And from thy palid cheek to wipe the tear.

Ah! painful task, to make thy sorrows less,
In vain doth reason lend her utmost aid;
The tears shall mingle, which I can't suppress;—
For all thou lov'st, is to the grave convey'd.

In vain would Young and Shirlock comfort lend;
Can they the loss of the deceas'd supply?—
Yes, they give more, they point thee out a FRIEND,
A FRIEND, a FATHER, that can never die!

HE gave that husband he hath snatch'd away,
From HIM each comfort of thy life doth flow;
Resign'd, and cheerful, learn for to obey,
HE never takes but doubly to bestow.

TO MRS. G———.

You ask, dear madam, how I spend my hours,
In rural solitude, these nights so long;
Me you invite to Tyne's sweet banks and bow'rs,
To taste diversion with the giddy throng.

For me such magic baubles have no charm,
Assur'd that sweet contentment is not there;
At home I strive each passion to disarm,
And lovely peace of mind's my constant fare.

The active mind, by meditation led,
Is then most tutor'd when most left alone,
Through paths of ancient lore delights to sped,
Nor feels the want by Idiots only known.

On them no heavenly dawn of science beams,
But all is darkness in the human mind;
Nature's chief beauties, woods, lawns, purling streams,
Are seen unnoticed, as the passing wind.

Ah! happy they, by education blest,
To them the book of nature opes each day;
Almighty wisdom by the whole confest,
And not one hour flies unimproved away.

When summer smiles, each variegated scene
Delights with rapture, and inspires with praise;
Lost in expanse of thought, on every theme,
The soul transported, must adore and gaze.

When winter frowns on vegitative birth,
And almost checks each sociable desire;
Or storms and tempests desolate the earth,
Then meditation tends my cheerful fire.

Poor lambkins dread the winter's snowy bl
Shrink from the rigour of the piercing v
'Till such inhospitable times are past,
With good old authors I'll solace my mi

What is't to me, if Spain with France fall
It may employ the army, or the state;—
Or, that some lord or lady gives a rout,
These things are not to rule my future f

Certain it is, that I am doom'd to lie
With parent earth, a senseless, torpid cl
But my immortal soul can never die;—
Hope wings its presence with the living

Oh! if my actions whilst I sojourn here,
Are of such nature as may be forgiv'n,
Unerring justice may attend my bier,
And I partake the eternal joys of heave

But if on vicious disposition bent,
I e'er from virtue and myself should fly,
A youth of folly—and old age ill spent,
Must lead to ruin—and to ruin die.

Through all the mazes of this world of strife,
O! may religion ever be my guide,
Then may I hope for everlasting life,
When God's commands o'er every act preside.

Should mis'ry's children sad, with cheek so pale,
And swollen eyes inur'd to watch and weep,
Assail my ears with their heart-melting tale,
May pity lull their anxious cares to sleep.

Thus tho' recluse, I sit alone till late,
'And hold high converse with the mighty dead,'
Admire the man who could reform a state,
Or he who nobly for his country bled.

But when my mind requires a softer theme,
Shakespear and Otway, charm away the night;
Pope, Thomson, Addison, their treasures teem,
And all their beauties, loss of sleep requite.

I ever strive to shun spenetic care,
Preserving still, equality of mind,
Ne'er rais'd by hope, or drooping in despair,
However fickle fortune shift the wind.

'Tis thus dear ma'am, I pass the time away,
Improving as I can, the fleeting hours,
And tho' from choice, I from Newcastle stay,
Believe me, ever, most sincerely your's.

TO CONTENT.

Come sweet content fix round my heart a charm,
Of all the ills of life my mind disarm,
Bid pleasure shine in all her best array,
And hope, blest guest, unto my breast convey.
Subdue each passion, hurtful to my heart,
And virtue's native, nobler joys impart,
Let no uneasy wish my peace molest,
But thou, content, reign firmly in my breast.
Come dwell with me, and teach me to enjoy,
Pleasures, that never in the mind will cloy,
Teach me that palaces, luxurient ease,
And viands rich, will often fail to please;
That monarchs often view the rural cot,

And wish the rustick's life had been their lot;
The self-same rustic views his king with pain,
And pines for empire, and a courtly train;
The country maid, beholds her swain with slight,
If some esquire doth at her door alight;
The rich mechanic, lost amid his wealth,
The lab'rer envies,—blest with rosy health.
For wealth, the sailor meets the furious wave,
Yet hates the sea, and dreads a wat'ry grave;
Loaded with gifts,—unnumbered favors given,—
All prove themselves ungrateful heirs of heaven.

TRUTH.

By dimpling brooks, o'er mountains trim,
How softly our ideas swim;
But in the common natural road,
How soon, alas! our senses good.

To choose a husband, or a wife,
Through all the various scenes of life;
In youthful love, we fondly play,
And think to smile the hours away.

But soon the busy cares of life,
Debts, children, and a peevish wife,
Awake the dream, and then we find,
The fruitful, discontented mind.

YESTERDAY'S NEWS.

'Twas rosy fingur'd morn' forsook her bed,
And drove before her night's dull mists away;
When to our cottage, faithful Timon sped,
To tell the mournful news of yesterday.

Alas! the day that ever I was born,
Or that I liv'd to hear the mournful tale;
Ah! better had the sheep destroy'd the corn,
Than that our only chief support should fail.

I had a brother, sir, forgive my tears,—
The tears of love and sorrow must have vent,
And now my words, that he no longer hears,
I ne'er without him, truly was content.

Whether at early morn we drove our sheep,
Or that the vineyard did demand our care,
Or by the cooling stream our herds we'd keep,—
To want each other, was our only fear.

I have a mother too, (I've lost my sire)
A mother, who reluctant stirs from home;
Content to dwell by her own cheerful fire,
Nor ever wishes from her cot to roam;

Save that she pays a visit once a year,
The day my father died, to his grave side;
I and my brother us'd her age to bear,
Herself attired in white, like any bride.

There did we on the green swarth, bend the knee,
In pious fervour, check'd by no control,
In humble pray'r, in meditation free,
We begg'd of heav'n repose for his dear soul.

To ease each other's toil was our delight,
Our cares were few, our wishes ever scant,
Domestic, social duties crown'd the night,
We knew no plenty, yet we had no want.

Thus eighteen years in quiet pass'd away,
Still by the busy world unseen, unknown;
Till on the fatal eve of yesterday,
Our hopes and pleasures were at once o'erthrown.

Ah! sir, the press-gang stole him from his home,
Lur'd him from this, his happy native plain,
Doom'd from his aged mother now to roam,—
We never more shall pleasure know again.

THE SHIPWRECK,

AN

INDIAN TALE.

IMPELL'D by Heaven a chief did stray,
Along the wide beach to survey,
The waste of tempest past;
Kareeakee, tho' far from old,
Possest from wrecks great store of gold,
On India's shores oft cast.

But what sad sight now met his eyes,
And all his feelings did surprise,—
A dreadful wreck indeed!
Transfix'd in woe, a youth there stood,
Viewing the vast devouring flood,
His sorrows high to feed!

Of tender heart and gen'rous soul,
The noble chief now guess'd the whole,
And shar'd the stranger's grief;
For he a quick conclusion drew,
With kind impatience therefore flew
T' administer relief.

'Thy hopes,' he said, 'thy loss unfold,
'If friendship, or the power of gold
'Can service be to thee;
'My property, my life is your's,
'Accomp'nied with the sov'reign powers,
'Invested here in me?'

With a deep sigh the youth did speak,
In nature's language faint and weak,
My thanks alas are due!
The gratitude my heart doth feel,
Let these my silent tears reveal,
And how I honour you.

To country, fortune, family lost,—
And thus thrown naked on your coast,
What can I ask of heaven,
But me, to these, swift to restore,—
A ship to take me speed'ly o'er;
Let these great chief be given.

'Alas! brave youth,' the chief reply'd,
'If thou in this sad wreck hadst died;
'Thy grief had known an end;
'But guess how cruel is the task,
'I to deny, and thou to ask,
'What I have not to lend.

'No ships, and worse, no men have we,
'Skill'd on th' unstable, foaming sea;—
'All strangers to thy Isle;
'With me, thou, therefore, must remain;
'Ill try to sooth thy ev'ry pain,
''Till fortune kinder smile.'

Then Herbert knelt upon the ground,
(Where many a sailor brave lay drown'd,)
And begg'd for each a grave;—
Farewell, adieu, departed friends!
If this great chief assistance lends,
'Tis all the boon I crave.

He learnt the Indian art of war,
And form'd a chariot, or a car,
Wherein he glory won;
Him they *Eareerakie proclaim,
And prostrate Indians did his name
Adore above the sun.

Kareeakee had strove in vain
By war, Taweharooa to regain,
From his most mortal foe;—
Each place on which the sun had beam'd,
At times with savage blood had stream'd,
And now was fill'd with woe.

*King.

Herbert alone was doom'd by fate,
To end this war of ranc'rous hate ;—
He gain'd the beauteous prize ;—
No power from him the maid could save,
But Herbert now became her slave,
Which threaten'd friendship's ties.

Then kneeling at her feet he said,—
'Oh! charming captive! lovely maid!
A stranger to this land;
Thee boldly I aspire to love,
And my sincerity to prove,
Offer my heart and hand.

The virtuous Taweharooa replied,
(Whilst deep she wept, and often sigh'd,)
'Behold my sorrowing heart ;—
'Once destin'd husband, now farewell!
'Thou who in goodness doth excel,—
'Karee'kee, must we part!'

Now first young Herbert understood,
The cause of all this mispent blood,—
Aghast he stood and pale!
'My more than father, Kareeakee,
'Shall Herbert ever injure thee!
'Alas this cruel tale!

'Oh, why was kept from me so long,
'The fatal cause of all thy wrong,
'Then had I been most just!
'I cannot live and still be brave,
'My griefs have long oppos'd the grave,
'I'll hide them in the dust!

'Will my misfortunes never end?
'Oh, rival of my worthy friend;—
'For this was my life lent?
'No, no,—his bounty I'll repay,
'To-morrow, I will name the day,
'A letter thus he sent:'

"My life's preserver Karee'kee,
"Thy long lost bride I bring to thee;—
"Prepare the bridal feast;—
"A friend, a conqu'ror brings her home;
"Let flowrets on the altars bloom,
"And on the rev'rend priest.

"O'ertoil'd and weary with campaign,
"Repaid when in thy arms again,
"I'll chide the weary way;—
"Tho' vict'ry's now by hundreds sung,—
"Still welcome blessings from thy tongue,
"'Bove all my toils repay."

Mounted in his triumphal car,
'Mid all the prisoners of war,
Who join'd his praise to sing;
The faithful Indians round him came,
To worship and adore his name,
And hail him as their king.

Lock'd in the noble chief's embrace,
The joyful tears bedew'd each face;—
He led him to his bride,
'I know, he said, your height of joy,
'Grant heav'n, nought may your bliss destr
'Or you again divide.

'Almighty Father now look down;
'With years of bliss this couple crown,—
'Oh! make them truly blest;
'May they ne'er know affliction's gloom,
'Long after I'm laid in the tomb,—
'Grant them eternal rest!

'To ev'ry pris'ner freedom give,
'Divide the spoil 'mongst all who live;
'Let none feel sorrow's smart:'—
When lo! the Indian broke the wand,
He snatch'd a dagger from the band,
And plung'd in Herbert's heart!

Thus Herbert fell,—thus virtue died,—
All nature groan'd—all nature sigh'd,—
And felt the horrid wound;
The Indians howl'd their honest grief,
Wrapt in his gore, their much lov'd chief,
Lay senseless on the ground.

On Indian ground, reduc'd to clay,
Herbert the just, extended lay;
His soul for ever fled;
The brightest orbs of heavenly light,
That cheer'd the shades of dismal night,
Proclaim'd each pulse was dead.

But can the pen attempt to tell,
The grief Taweharooa's heart did swell,—
Her senses quickly fail'd;
No more of joy she e'er partook,
Reason her noble seat forsook,—
And phrenzy strong prevail'd.

For Herbert, youth, unknown to guilt,
Soon a moria grand was built,
Wherein his ashes rest;
His throbbing heart at last is still;—
He lives belov'd,—and ever will,
In ev'ry Indians breast.

To man Karee'kee bade farewell,
In Herbert's moria deep to dwell,
Reclining on his bier;
Taweharooa there did oft repair,
His fate to mourn in mad despair,
And mingle tear for tear.

TO MR. RALPH ANTHONY J———E.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE LAW,

Desiring the Authoress to write a Farewell.

IF ribs of iron guard thy ad'mant heart,
In present sorrow it must bear a part;
What savage thought could lead thee to [conceive
That I can pleasure from distress receive?
To bid adieu,—is sure no pleasing task,
And yet you think it trifling, what you ask,—
Severe request,—yet I will now obey,
And all that gratitude can feel I'd say,—
All that I feel, my silence should proclaim,
Would you not brand me with an ingrate's name.

Be thou an ornament to British laws,
Let pity vindicate thy client's cause,
O let thy actions and example fire
The world to imitate what they admire.
Youth much esteem'd, let each succeeding day,
Some new found beauty of thy mind display.
Mayst thou in some exalted station shine,
To make thee happy may each pow'r combine.
Say then Ralph Anthony,—my friend, will you,
With wonted kindness an acquaintance view;
Will you be then still eager to delight,
And the warm wish of gratitude excite?
Yes, still let merit steady friendship find,
And prove thyself superior to mankind.
But the dread hour to part's arrived at last,
And mem'ry still must dwell on days now past;—
'Till fate once more shall smiling hours restore,
Condemn'd to hear thy merry songs no more.

Now duty calls me I'm oblig'd to go,
And nought have I but wishes to bestow:
All the best thanks that you deserve I give,
And in your mem'ry still I hope to live.
Now spare your satire if the verse is bad;
No thrilling verse flows from a heart so sad;—
Pardon the length,—insipid, tedious, dull,—
I've tir'd your patience, and the paper's full;—
It was your wish,—a long, a last adieu,
Remember her who wishes health to you.

TO MRS. W——.

You ask me what's Love!—not an airy delusion,
With which fops, with which fribbles oft try to [amuse;—
Tis a heav'n-born passion, no mazy confusion,
A blessing not given for Man to abuse.

A passion existing and glowing through nature;
By Providence meant to link closer the chain
Which winds its soft folds round the core of each [creature;
For th' All-Wise, you know, never aught [made in vain.

WROTE, IN ELVET CHURCH YARD,

DURHAM.

If merit sinks beneath oppression's rod,
And virtue here, finds small reward from God,
It is no wonder that the good should stray,
And from life's ills disgusted turn away.
But lost to virtue, conscience wakes no more,
Until arriv'd upon that unknown shore,—
An awful scene! to erring man the last,
Guilt charges home, and strikes the soul aghast.
Better in life to mourn misfortunes wound;
And in eternity, with bliss be crown'd;
A few short years, and all affliction's cease,—
Laid in the tomb we may partake of peace.

Sunk under errors, yet I hope for rest,
And with immortal spirits to be blest.
Calmly I view yon yawning, new-made grave,
In such I'll lie,—life, mortals cannot save;
Health must decline, all joy must transcient fly
This body perish, yet the soul not die.
Pleasure is short,—extinguished oft by pain,
And happiness,—how very short its reign.
Guilt, error, disappointment, mark each day,
And nature doth her frailty oft betray.
The various ills that on mankind attend,
How quick by life's annihilation end;
The body that hath often been traduc'd,
To dust alone, how soon, how quick reduc'd:
I cannot guess if then shall rest the soul,
If free, or under any just controle;
Yet heavenly mercy, future joy assures,
And from all doubt, the human mind it cures.

MAN.

WEEKS, and months, and years are past,
Say, what pleasure do they bring?
Winter's frowns are fled at last;
Blandly beams the charming spring.

Summer follows; autumn brows,
'Gain prepares for winter cold:
Thus from year to year how soon,
Man, the soy'reign lord, grows old.

Old in body, old in sin,
Old in all but works call'd good;—
Not too late,—he may begin,—
Long alas! the tree hath stood.

Lo! the yellow harvest come,—
Soul must quit its earthly cot;
Meet at heav'n's, high court it's doom,—
Man the carver of his lot.

Years enough to him were lent,
Riches to secure above;
If these years he hath mispent,
Can he hope Almighty love.

Then let years that quick depart,
Teach him he but lodgeth here;—
Ev'ry hour speak to his heart,—
Make the future life most dear.

So his time will roll away,
Wrapt in innocence and peace;—
Wish not then on earth to stay,
When all his worldly cares must cease.

By departing blessings, blest,—
Heir to everlasting joy;
Take possession of that rest;—
Bliss supreme, without alloy!

ON MR. BONE'S COURTSHIP, WITH A REMARKABLE FAT LADY.

So! flesh and Bone did once agree,
That they would ne'er sep'rated be;
And bone said to his dearest flesh,
He'd ever love her fresh and fresh,
No other nymph his love should prove,
Would she return that love with love:
He bid her quickly name the day,
She said the twenty-ninth of may;
When thus was giv'n her soft consent,
Her promise much she did repent,
For when their marriage should be known,
Instead of flesh,—she would be bone.

ABSENCE.

Ah whether is fled my repose,
My inmate from morn until night;
All now is merg'd deeply in woes,
Since thou art remov'd from my sight.

That orb which once wak'd me from rest,
A dulness has thrown o'er each beam,
And the sorrows that swell in my breast,—
They torture with horror each dream.

Who now left to dry my pale cheek,
Or silence the storm in my mind,
To whom, ah! to whom can I speak,
Or respite from sorrow,—where find?

In vain each amusement I try,
They fail t' administer relief;
From scenes ever fled, I must fly,
The tomb can alone end my grief.

When thinking on hours spent with thee,
How quick to my mem'ry they rise,
Time past me unheeded does flee,
For nought but thy comp'ny I prize.

How long have my tears for to flow?
When death's welcome sleep shall I prove
When freed from these shadows below?
To watch o'er the life of my love.

ON ELIZA.

How fair, how exceedingly fair was my love,
She, she was the fav'rite of heaven,
To such as we think of the blest angels above,
Such virtues to her were here given;
In her, her acquaintance had cause to rejoice,
The daughter of Shernon was ev'ry one's choice.

Not snow on the highest of mountains more pure,
Of virtuous example most rare,
To dire disease and affliction a cure,
All ranks her benev'lence did share;
Not more lovely the beauties of nature to look on,
Then was th' all-virtuous daughter of Shernon,

E'en slander was silent, and envy was blind,
All listen'd with joy to her praise,
Such personal charms with so noble a mind,
Far, far did her fame loudly raise;
The victims of death reviv'd at her voice,
Whilst the wretches of famine did smile and
[rejoice.

Lost, lost and forsaken I stray through the grove,
And start at the noise of each leaf,
Imagine it is the approach of my love,
Ah, no! then I lapse into grief;
No more here again can her smiles be enjoy'd,
By death she's remov'd and our union destroy'd.

My youth's dear companion my Sherron is gone,
The joy of my heart is now fled,
Left to feed on my grief, to wander alone,—
My charming Eliza is dead;
My mem'ry shall wane, I shall never rejoice,
For my bosom's lov'd partner shall e'er be my choice.

How mild was she ever, how lenient and just;
The source and the cause of my woe;
My soul's dearest sister, on thy happy dust,
My tears shall perpetually flow,
'Till heaven in its mercy shall list to my voice,
And unite us for ever, again to rejoice.

DEBT.

O make me as sprightly as that little bird,
That partakes of the crumbs from my board;
Then make me as harmless as that peaceful herd,
O'er which I'd be proud to be lord.

And with it, retirement from folly and strife,
To feel and relieve ne'er forget;
Submit to all trials that meet me through life,
If I'm but kept stranger to debt.

It's that fell, dreadful curse, that robs men of peace,
That drives them to prison and death;
If acquainted with debt, their woes never cease,
'Till happy, they end their last breath!

YOUTH AND AGE.

In the morning of youth,
When virtue and truth,
Were the guide of my actions in life;
Then how happy each day,
In peace pass'd away,
Free from troubles, pain, sorrow and strife.

At the evening's close,
I lay down in repose,
Contented with poverty's fare;
But now, that alas!
I riches amass,
I amass with them much worldly care.

The difference then,
'Tween old and young men,
Is more than the distance of years ;
The one life is free,
In song, mirth and glee,
The other,—pain, sorrow and tears.

TO THE REV. MR. MOISES.

Oh ! could I speak the gratitude that warms
An humble heart, which thy example charms,
To say how deeply sunk within my breast,
Thy precepts are—which hush my fears to rest;
How oft my soul's fled from this world below,
Whilst from thy tongue did words of comfort flow:
Thy promis'd mercy met my raptur'd ear,
And each eye trembled with a grateful tear.
Oh! great revealer of the sacred truth,
Scorn not the real praise of age and youth;
Thou good divine, blest agent of thy God,
To rescue sinners from th' avenging rod;
T' instruct the ign'rant, and reform the age,
Make clear the myst'rys of the sacred page,

To teach the sting that guilty sin conceals,
And the true joys that conscious virtue feels;
Exhort mankind t' abhor intestine strife,
And ardent press to gain eternal life;
Kindest reformer, of too erring man,
How plain, how simple, how direct thy plan!
When at the supper of the Lord we meet,
The consecrated cup is doubly sweet;
I in thy face such gentle mercy read,
As, from an Angel, I receive and feed.
Thou dost to all a father's place supply,
Too rich an ornament, alas! to die:
Content, but rarely on the great ones wait,
It must be thine, for thou art good and great.
Could I sufficient of thy merit speak,
The task is hard,—description is too weak:
E'er thy advice shall o'er my thoughts preside,
And God and Moises shall be still my guide!

TO Wm. REID CLANNY, M. D.

SUNDERLAND.

DEPRIV'D of riches, family and friends,
Here I exist, and here my being ends;
Thought crouds on thought, to agonize the brain,
Till my heart bursting, bleeds at every vein.
No heart to pity, and no hand to save,
No comfort off'ring, but the peaceful grave;
No heart to pity;—*one* in mem'ry lives,
It sorrow feels, and consolation gives.
Thou kind physician—skilful as thou art,
Can skill compare with thy more humane heart;
The mild persuasions of thy soothing voice,
Almost turn'd sad necessity to choice;

To pain gave ease, and unto sorrow peace,
And golden hope, made all my woes to cease.
O may'st thou pass through life without a sigh,
Here crown'd with blessings, then in peace to die;
Thy mem'ry honour'd, by the world belov'd,
By angels welcom'd, by thy God approv'd!
By Him, to thee, an hundred fold be given,
And Clanny rise, supremely blest in Heaven!



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